THE EMERALD.

(NEW ESTABLISHMENT.)

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ESSAYS
OF THE LAST CENTURY,

BY PROTEUS ECHO.

No. 19.

—Cum ea tu sermonem nec joco, nec seric
Tibi habeas, nisi si sis stultior stultissimo.
PLANT. ANIP. ACT 3. SCEN. 2.

MAN has been defined two ways, by two famous writers of antiquity. *Quintilian* with much gravity and penetration debates the matter, and then judiciously determines, *man*, says he, *is a sociable creature.*

Not so the wiser *Plato*. This profound philosopher doubtless foresaw some small objections which man disposed to cavil might make against *Quintilian's* definition, and has therefore with greater accuracy, and depth of thought, settled this disputable point. Methinks I see the venerable old gentleman in his great-chair, looking with much solemnity through his black-bowed spectacles, and instructing us, *man*, according to my humble apprehension of the matter, *is an animal without feathers, and with just two legs.*

Having thus modestly shown my readers a little of my learning, and convinced them of my knowledge of antiquity, and more particularly of my skill in chronology; I shall now go on humbly to inform them, that all these my great accomplishments are far from lying useless, but that they conduce not a little to the publick emolument. Even these two definitions were not transcribed for nothing: or, if in the latter of them, I had only an underhand design to insinuate my erudition, yet I am sure, in all probability, the former was intended for the instruction of the world, and the ground-work of my present essay.

Desire after society is a passion strongly rooted in human nature; and even *Adam* breathing the sweets of *Eden*, could not be completely happy without a partner in his enjoyments. To indulge and gratify this universal taste of mankind they have from the beginning learned to form themselves into cities, kingdoms, and other communities, by which they have in some sort created an union of sorrows, and hopes, and satisfactions, and lived in a manner agreeable to the species.

It is from the same spring of benevolence and humanity, that there flows the delight we all feel in our common visits for conversation. We are not a little pleased to communicate our griefs or our joys, to creatures of the same make and constitution with ourselves; and we take a secret pride, in pitying the afflictions of others, or in rejoicing at their pleasures. Thus we converse with mutual satisfaction, and are reciprocal delights to one another. In short, the strings of our hearts seem to be wound up to the same key with theirs we con-

verse with, and still strike the unison with them.

Conversation is attended with many advantages both of getting good ourselves, and benefitting our fellow creatures. It tends to polish our minds, and refine our manners; to wear away the disagreeable roughness which we acquire by too much solitude; and to infuse an affable and easy deportment which will powerfully recommend us in all companies. In a word, it adds a gracefulness to the air; a softness to the eye; and assurance to the heart; and touches the tongue with a more artful and winning fluency of address.

By conversation we have also opportunities to improve the minds of others; and by proper and decent methods, we may inform the understandings, and rectify the judgment, brighten the fancy, or regulate the passions of those we converse with. We may inspire them with generous sentiments, and quicken and call forth the seed of many sleeping virtues into blossom and flourish. We may animate them with noble designs, kindle up their resolution and zeal, and set every wheel of their souls in a vigorous and rapid motion.

Among the things which most of all prove the bane of conversation, and render it distasteful to an ingenious spirit, I shall only mention these two; cavelling at a person present, and scandalizing one that is absent. The former of these is rude and uncivil, the latter unchristian and wicked: one is disgustful; the other dangerous: backbiting is mean and odious; petulence and contention, insupportable.

There can be nothing more disagreeable than to observe a person ever on the catch for something either to oppose or banter. It is a mark of a little conceited soul, to be allways litigious and carping, satyrical and insolent. It discovers a vanity and self-applause that will continually render the man despicable and ridiculous, in the eyes of all intelligent observers. It tends directly to confound his esteem and reputation: for nobody will be fond of his company who insults all that are in it; nor will any one think it convenient to raise and adorn the character of him who beats down every one else.

To be continually exposing and ridiculing the infirmities of our absent friends, who are therefore incapable of vindicating themselves, is a practice altogether base and ungenerous. To me nothing appears more odious and vile, or fills me with greater indignation. It betrays an abject and grovelling mind; a froward and peevish disposition; an arrogant and assuming admiration of ourselves; and will prove an insupportable obstruction to our own good name. I never knew one who gave himself a liberty to abuse others behind their backs, but the world has ever been so just as to repay him in the same kind. And no wonder that every man's hand is against him whose hand is against every man. For my own part, I contemn none more than those given to this vice; though I must confess this is become so established a refinement of our modern good-breeding, especially among our travelled gentlemen, that I begin to call in question my own opinion of the matter, and can by no means utter myself upon it without fear and trembling. However, I shall beg leave to add here, that the compliments paid to my papers, as being set off with the polite decorations and embellishments of scandal, are entirely with-

out foundation; and I am too modest to lay any claim to the honours I have received on the account. I will assure my readers that there never has been, nor ever shall be, any particular person pointed at in the whole course of my speculations, as an object of banter and ridicule.

I dare by no means presume to lay down rules for conversation, but shall only make one or two remarks, like a worthy and experienced old gentleman as I am. I have observed in all the companies I have been in, from the *caravan lodge* in *China*, to the *crown coffee-house* upon the *Long-Wharf*, that all conversation is built upon equality: title and distinction must be laid aside in order to talk and act sociably, and the ungrateful names of superior and inferior must lose themselves in that more acceptable and familiar one, the companion. Hence it follows, that bashfulness is faulty as well as impudence; and he who is perversely silent, is equally inexcusable with him (or rather with *her*), who is perpetually upon the clack, and talks like a fool into the bargain. If this last reflection should be thought wanting in gallantry and politeness, it must be imputed to my great old age, which can by no means be reduced to flatter the ladies, as I use to do, *ah!*—some seventy years ago.

Another maxim which I will venture to lay down, is, that for the most part, it is prudent for a person in conversation, not to affect setting himself off to the extent of his capacity. A due care about this, will free him from the mischiefs of envy, which a contrary ostentation might bring upon him. It will also take off the fear which people naturally feel, when they are obliged to act before a person of sagacity and penetration; and so what we may possibly lose of their esteem, we shall without fail gain in their love and benevolence. My ingenious friend Mr. *Honeysuckle* is a perfect master of this secret; and has privately confessed to me the account he found in it. Mr. *Honeysuckle* is a gentleman beloved in the highest degree by all who are intimately acquainted with him; and it is by the observation of this rule, that he maintains his share in their good affections. Though he is the possessor of very superiour accomplishments, yet he certainly owes more to his feigned ignorance, than to his real abilities. I have frequently known him, from his depth of cunning, lay down a false position, in order to tempt some of the company to dispute it with him; which when they have done, he has defended it with weak arguments, and given it up without confutation, only to give his opponent the triumph of a victory. But notwithstanding Mr. *Honeysuckle* sometimes suffers himself thus to be worsted in his reasonings, yet, when he sees a convenient time for it, he can very sensibly convince his company of the powers he is master of, and sport with their passions at his pleasure. To conclude, the two maxims for a peaceable conversation, which I have gathered for my own remarks, are, to act without restraint, and not to appear over-wise.

It were to be wished that the generality of mankind took more care to furnish their minds, that they might converse together with greater pleasure and improvement. I know of none who has attained a greater perfection in this delightful art, than the applauded *Tranquilus*. This gentleman has to uncommon natural endowments, added artifi-

cial ones, and made conversation part of his study. By this means he has replenished his soul with an inexhausted fund of ideas, big with entertainment and instruction. As his mind is thus pregnant with innumerable pleasantries, and other topicks for society, so he has a peculiar happiness and dexterity to express and set them off, in the most lively and advantageous manner. He can clothe his thoughts, modulate his voice, and adapt his gesture as the circumstances require: and as he pleases is able to awe us by his gravity; surprize us by his uncommoness and quick turn; or tickle us into an irresistible laughter, by the slyness and subtilty of his inimitable humour. To say no more, his company is desired and sought by all, and none ever left it without regret, without diversion, and without improvement

I should be very sorry to finish any of my papers, without being able to reflect upon some good design I have pursued upon the hearts of my readers, which they might be the better for when they laid it aside I shall therefore conclude these thoughts upon conversation, with a remark, of the truth and justness of which I am well assured; *a good conscience is the best qualification I know of for one who would converse usefully and agreeably* This will make a man chearful and easy in all innocent companies, and render him full of tenderness and benevolence to all about him. Nothing will cause a person to act with that sincerity and open-heartedness as a conciousness of his innocence and good design. It will take off from his mind every thing of a gloomy or churlish taint; it will smooth and soften his manners, and light up so many charms in his whole behaviour, that like an indulgent compellation, it will diffus a joy and serenity upon all withi the sphere of its heavenly influence

C.

FOR THE EMERALD.

REVIEW.

An Oration, describing the influence Commerce, on the prosperity, cha ter and genius of Nations. Writte at the request of the Society of P Beta Kappa, and delivered on the Anniversary, at Cambridge, Sept. 1808, *by James Richardson.*

THE Oration of Mr. Richardson wa delivered to a literary Society, and of course entitled to literary attentio The subject, especially in the prese state of this country, is of necessit political. Cynic literati may sneer the selection, and wonder that the pa tisan could not, for a moment, gi pause to the scholar. The nature the anniversary may magnify the wo der. Literature claims it as a sacre occasion from the profane cares life. But when calamity presses, jud ment cannot long debate as to th choice of moments in which co plaints shall be uttered.

The style of this production neither humble nor proud. It is far from the plainness of *Swift*, as t gorgeousness of *Burke*. Though contain allusions to heathen mythol gy, to classical historians, and poe it is far from being highly and equab ornamented. It has little harmony the combinations of expression; b few periods in the graces of constru tion; and none of those points th strike from the force of peculiar phr seology.

To descend from general remark verbal criticism, we are at a loss f the propriety of the phrase, as it o curs in the first paragraph; "T *experiments* of *theoretic* philosophy *that* philosophy, according to the or tor's own showing, is at least as w *experimental*, as theoretic. A lit change of phrase would have preven ed this difficulty, *unmeaning* and u meant.

In the 4th paragraph, second period, the relative "it" is left unattended with its regular antecedent. "Though in times of success and security, the bounties of commerce, like those of nature, may be enjoyed and disregarded; yet when assailed by philosophy, abandoned thro' fear, palsied by law, and threatened with perpetual interdiction, *it* cannot fail to excite a more lively interest." The *bounties* of commerce is the only antecedent *expressed* in this sentence; but *commerce* was the antecedent *intended*. "*Contributing* flowers" in the same paragraph, is not a very apt phrase, and at least of doubtful, rhetorical accuracy.

In the last paragraph of the 6th page, "Intercourse with mankind" appears in a very "questionable shape." It is either used as synonymous with *commerce*, or the author changes his subject. But it is not synonymous with commerce, because there may be "intercourse with mankind," and that to a pretty great degree, without commerce.

The phrase, "*averse to*," that occurs in this performance, may be sanctioned by precedent, but not grammar. We should like, however, even precedents to show us how any thing can be "*active* without *effort*." In the allusion to Marius, "sitting" should be "he sate." The writer must take his choice. "It *animates* when *sitting*," or "It *animated*, when *he sate*." The language allows no other alternative.

In the two following periods, the *disjunctive conjunctions*, to use the contradiction of the grammarians, or rather, if I must speak more formally, the disjunctive particles, *or* and *nor*, should change places. Page 17. "Vain are forms of government, constitutions on paper, and declarations of rights, when the people, deluded by flattery, sunk in ignorance and tame in spirit, have neither the inclination to examine, the power to understand, *or* the courage to defend their institutions." In p. 18, "From this, [duty] let no one, however exalted his rank or brilliant his talents, claim an exemption, *nor* fear being corrupted or degraded in its exercise." In p. 10, "Success is the reward of spirit and enterprize, rather than of *pride and indolence*." Indolence should have been noticed in the section after pride, and before *jealousy*, *hatred*, and "*imagination*." No notice is now taken of it, and thus the unity or completeness of the sentence is impaired. P. 12, "The spirit and patriotism of the Carthagenians *overcame everything but the treachery of the Roman senate, the force of the Roman legions, and the factions in their own bosom.*" *What else, pray, had they to overcome?*

Page 18, there is another relative left destitute of its proper antecedent. "The farmer has been induced to labor beyond necessity to procure enjoyments; his produce has been exchanged for what supplied all his wants, and left him a balance to increase his power of cultivation or means of improvement; *this* is the fruit of successful commerce, of a free intercourse with "all nations." This what? "*the balance* left," the fruit of "successful commerce?" *State* was the antecedent intended and expressed indeed, in the following sentence; but until a *succedent* is invented, even inventing the word is taking great liberty, "better late than never" will hardly apply here.

"Our *present prospects* awaken feelings too powerful for expression, and *lead imagination* to paint our *future destiny* in colors too frightful to contemplate," p. 18. What are our *present prospects* but views of our *future destiny*." Our views of our future destiny, then, lead imagination to paint our *future destiny*. The truth is, there is no meaning in this sentence. We do not *imagine* what is before our eyes.

The notice of the Hispanian struggle is happy. "It encircles the Spanish patriots with a beam of glory, and irradiates even cruelty and revenge, with the splendor of the—" "Splendor of the" might, perhaps, be left out without detriment to the period.

The last section but one, has an abominably flat termination, arising from the use of words that appear unnecessary, if not tautological. "His path, like that of the fabled goddess, is fragrant with perfumes, blushing with roses, and bright with celestial radiance, but his feet are neither gored

with the thorns nor soiled with the dust *that he passes over.*"

With respect to the sentiment of this oration, we cordially coincide with the writer in conclusions and premises, he will doubtless pardon us in choosing for ourselves.

There is not a little of what logicians call a *dilemma* in Mr. Richardson's examples from history on this subject. They may rebound, perhaps, with more force than they hit. For example; "Lacedæmon, with her savage manners, her rigid sumptuary laws, her stern Ephori, and her iron money," was struck dead at the touch of commerce. No sooner had she come in contact with commerce, *plundered commercial states*, than Lacedæmon was no more. Tyre with immense wealth "fell by the arms of Alexander." The Carthagenians could not overcome "the treachery of the Roman senate, the force of the Roman legions, and *the faction in their own bosom.*" "It need *not* be added, Tyre and Carthage were *commercial* states."

Nay, commerce would corrupt Holland, and make a Dutchman yield up liberty without evincing even the sullen resolvedness of a phlegmatic constitution. What though she have "*raised up Amsterdam and London?*" Has it not been "*on the ruins of Embden and Lubec?*"

On the whole we are better satisfied with the Oration than the argument. Reasonings from history are unsatisfactory, because even historians differ as to what causes produced the downfall of nations, whether one in particular, or the concurrence of many. It is a subject that admits and invites controversy. Reasonings, the least to be distrusted, are founded on the nature of commerce itself, what it produces, and what it removes, what it enlightens and what it dispels. We regret that the charge of its tendency to produce luxury was not more ably repelled. Even the French Economists, those great contenders for the exclusive encouragement of agriculture and manufactures, admit that to their own system luxury is necessary, and contend that it promotes the public weal. Admit then, that luxury is an evil, still if it be necessary to the other system, it can be no more to this; and it can be no objection to this system as compared with the other, that it has an evil, which is common to both. But the truth is, luxury is essential to the wealth and prosperity of a nation. Artificial wants are laws for the distribution of wealth. Could they be struck out of being, the means of gratifying them would be no longer in demand; an immense number of artisans and manufacturers would be deprived of subsistence, and the circulation of property receive a check, that would be felt to the utmost extremities of an extensive community. The truth is commerce is *necessary*. On this subject men should take *high* ground, the *necessity* of COMMERCE. It is *Terra firma*, and will support them. Those who contend for the expediency of its destruction, are mock patriots, and mock reasoners, and should be sent piping to the plains of Arcadia.

Injustice would be done Mr. Richardson to conclude without suggesting, that he has delivered to the society and the public, a respectable oration. We might call it *classical*, but the term has become hackneyed. On the use of this term, however, a remark has been suggested, that is bright with the lustre of truth, but against the light of which, the eyes of the learned are too generally shut. A production may be *classical* without a single mythological allusion, without reference to any classic poet or historian, to any writer of Greece, of Rome, or of Italy.

THE MEDLEY.

"Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

Locke says, wit consists in distinguishing wherein different objects resemble each other; and judgment consists in distinguishing wherein objects which resemble each other differ.

A TALE.

The Earl of S——, one of the richest Peers of Great Britain, had been in London, and on his return, intended to call upon one of his tenants. He had no other attendants than a coachman and one servant. He had not travelled six miles from the metropolis, when he was obliged to pass through a wood, where his carriage was surrounded by six highwaymen. Two bound the coachman, two the servant, and two applied a pistol to the breast of the nobleman.

"Your pocket-book!" said one of the robbers, with a horrid countenance. Instead of which, the Earl pulled out a heavy purse, which he presented to him.

"Have the goodness, my lord, to produce your pocket-book," said the robber, who with his left hand weighed the purse, and with the right continued to present the pistol.

The Earl drew out his pocket-book, and delivered it up, which the robber examined. Whilst he was thus engaged, his countenance excited the attention of the former. His full eyes, curved nose, distorted cheeks, wide mouth, and projecting chin, presented an object more disgusting than he had ever before witnessed. The robber, after taking some papers out of the book, returned it to the gentleman.

"A prosperous journey my Lord," he cried, and rode off with his companions towards London.

The Earl, upon his return home examined his book, which had contained two thousand five hundred pounds in notes, and to his great astonishment, found five hundred pounds remaining. He rejoiced at the discovery, and related the adventure to his friends, at the same time adding, that the countenance of the man was so extraordinary, that it would never be absent from his recollection. Two years had already elapsed since the affair had happened, and the particulars of it had passed from his mind, when one morning he received a penny post letter, while in London, the contents of which were as follows:—

"My Lord,—I am a poor German Jew. The Prince whose subject I was, oppressed my sect in so cruel a manner, as to oblige me, with five others, to seek an asylum in Great Britain. I fell ill during the voyage, and the bark which was to have conveyed us from the vessel to the shore, was overturned by the storm. A man, whose face I had never before seen, sprang into the sea, and saved me, at the risk of his own life.

"He carried me into his house, procured me a nurse and a physician. He was a clothier, and had twelve children alive. I recovered, and offered my host some recompence for his hospitality, but he rejected every offer, and only requested me to visit him sometimes. I went soon after, and found him extremely dejected. The disturbances had broken out in America, and he had sent to Boston goods to the amount of eight thousand pounds, which the merchants refused to pay. He confessed to me, that a bill would become due upon him in the course of a month, which he could not honour; that, consequently, his credit would be destroyed, and his ruin completed. I would have willingly given him assistance, had it been in my power. I considered myself indebted to him for my life, which I ought not to regard as two great a sacrifice in serving my benefactor. I went to my compan-

ions, and represented to them the state of the case. They were all bound to me by the tenderest ties of friendship, and willing to aid me in the execution of any plan I should suggest. We agreed, therefore, to take the desperate and unwarrantable measures of highway robbery, to procure the necessary sum. Accident made us acquainted with your intended rout, and the money which you had in your possession. We laid our plan accordingly, and succeeded in a manner already known to you. I enclosed the two thousand pounds which I took from your pocket-book, in a letter to my benefactor, saying, that I would suit the payment of it to his circumstances. The money was of temporary service to him, but as he lost all his American property, he died soon after, insolvent. Fortune, however, was more favourable to me; I obtained a prize of five thousand pounds in the lottery. I have, therefore, sent you the enclosed, which is the sum, with the interest, that I took from you. You will find another thousand pounds, which I should be obliged to you to send to the F—— family in F——. Upon the receipt of this letter, my companions and myself will be on our way to Germany, where we wish, if possible, to take up our residence. I protest to you, that none of our pistols were loaded when we assaulted you and none of our hangers were unsheathed. What I have done and said, will shield me, I hope, from being considered so obnoxious a member of society as my conduct at first might lead you to suppose. Accept the good wishes of an individual whose intentions were pure, though his conduct might be criminal."

The Earl had no sooner read the letter than he made inquiries for the clothier's family, and gave them the two thousand pounds which the Jew had sent.

TO NOVELTY.

BY MERCER.

For thee, in infancy, we sigh,
And hourly cast an anxious eye
Beyond the prison house of home;
Till, from domestic tyrants free,
O'er the wide world, in search of thee,
Fair NOVELTY! we roam.

Full on thy track, by dawn of day,
The stripling starts, and scours away,
While Hope her active wing supplies,
And softly whispers in the gale,
At every turning of the vale,
"Enjoyment onward lies."

Nor far remote—Athwart the trees,
The landscape opens by degrees,
And yields sweet glimpses of delight—
Beyond the trees the views expand,
And all the scenes of fairy land
Come swelling on the sight.

Tis here, where wild profusion flows,
On ev'ry shrub there hangs a rose,
And mellow fruit on ev'ry spray—
Here Pleasure holds her bounteous reign,
And here the wand'rer might remain,
Could Pleasure bribe his stay.

But still the love of Thée prevails—
He quits the port, and spreads his sails,
Careless if Ocean frown or smile;
So Fate shall give him to explore
The vast expanse, th' untrodden shore,
And undiscover'd isle.

Tir'd with the stillness of the deep,
While yet he chides the winds that sleep,
The clouds collect, the lightnings play;
And the torn vessel drivesat last,
A wreck, abandon'd to the blast,
And found'ring on her way.

Again the vext horizon clears—
The hills emerge—the coast appears—
He and his mates their mirth renew;
They man their boats their oars they hand,
And soon the hospitable strand
Receive the jolly crew.

What in th' interior parts befell,
In after times we hear them tell,
When they at last their limbs recline;
The tongue, well pleas'd, its office plies,
And, all the while, their brimful-eyes
With dews of transport shine.

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While thus, with pleasing warmth, they boast
Their gay excursions on the coast,
Where all seem'd brilliant, all divine;
The fond adventures little know
It was thy pencil gave the glow,
The vivid charm was thine.

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Ah me! beyond thy short-liv'd reign,
And does there nought of love remain?—
Can nought the sluggish heart engage?
Shall ev'ry joy with thee decay,
And heav'n afford no parting ray
To gild the hours of age?

Heav'n still is kind—When thou art fled,
Comes gentle Habit, in thy stead,
With silent pace—nor comes in vain—
For, growing with declining years,
The good man's comforts she endears,
And softens ev'ry pain.

Where she, sweet sober maid, abides,
Contentment at the board presides;
No vagrant wish her votary stings—
In his own grounds he loves to tread;
Nor envies, on his household bed,
The couch of eastern kings.

Christina, Queen of Sweden, (who died in 1654), left as a maxim, "A wise and good man will forget the past, either enjoy or support the present, and resign himself to the future."

NOBLE FREEDOM APPRECIATED BY IWAN.

Jerome Bowes was sent by Elizabeth, queen of England, in quality of minister to the Tzar of Russia. To conform to the etiquette of the times, and the prerogatives of his place, he remained covered at the first audience. Some one represented to him the danger of such a conduct, and the evils he might bring on himself by it. "I am not unacquainted with them," said he, "but I am the ambassador of a queen who will revenge any affront offered to her in the person of her minister." The prince, far from being offended at such a declaration, presented him to the assembly, and recommended the boyars to imitate his example. "Behold," said he to them, "a brave man, who has the courage to uphold the honour of his sovereign with dignity. Who among you would do as much for me?"

THE SENSIBLE MAN'S REPLY TO A SURRILOUS REMARK.

BY MAJ. C. JAMES.

Ut quantum Generi demas Virtutibus addas. Hor.

YOU say that charity first gave
The knowledge I possess;
That I am grown a wealthy knave
From scenes of low distress.
That I am fortune's child you prove,
If what you say be true;
And if a knave I ought to move
Much higher than I do.
For when I meet the men who rise,
And see what *things* succeed,
I sometimes think the good and wise
Mistaken in their creed
They, poor believing creatures! think
That worth's its own reward;
Whilst thousands, who from virtue shrink,
The very name discard.
Relying on myself alone,
Through life I work my way;
And whilst I give each man his own,
I'm sure, as good as they.
Much better! in the sight of him,
Some genius whispers near,
Who smiles at all the gaudy trim,
Which dazzles coxcombs here.
To princes I have never bent
Disgracefully my knee;
But to their ear those truths have sent,
Which, Freedom! spring from thee!
The wisdom of unerring fate
What coxcomb can deny?
See Robespierre direct the state!
And Louis* doom'd to die!
See Europe tremble at that name
Which Corsica scarce read;
Whilst wand'ring Louis† dares not claim,
But asks his daily bread.

* *Louis XVI.* † *Louis XVIII.*

UNEXPECTED MEDIATION.

Maj. Gen. Golitsin having gained a victory as much by his valour as by his presence of mind and military knowledge, the emperor gave him permission to choose his own re-

ward. He requested the pardon of Repnin, who had been disgraced a short time before. "How!" replied the monarch, "are you ignorant that Repnin is your mortal enemy?" "I know it," replied Golitsin, "and that is precisely the reason why I supplicate your imperial majesty to grant him his pardon." Peter the Great then caused it to be announced to Repnin, that yielding to the earnest solicitations of Golitsin, he had restored him to his favour; but thinking it, at the same time, his duty to give an eminent mark of his esteem for such generosity, he conferred the order of St. Andrew on the victor.

MORNING SONG.

(MORGENLIED) FROM THE GERMAN OF GESNER.

WELCOME, early orb of morn!
Welcome, infant day!
O'er the wood-top'd mountain borne,
Mark its coming ray!
Now o'er babbling brooks it beams;
Sips from each flower its *dew*;
Now with glorious gladdening gleams
Wakes the world anew.
Zephyrs first, o'er flowers that slumber'd,
Quit their couch, and play;
Breathe o'er flowers in sighs unnumber'd,
Breathe the scent of day.
Fancy now her reign gives o'er,
Every vision flies;
Chloe's cheek is wan no more,
Cupids round it rise.
Hasten, Zephyr, waft from roses
All their loveliest bloom!
Haste where Chloe now reposes,
Wake her from her tomb!
To the fairest's couch repair,
Wanton round her pillow;
O'er her lip and bosom fair
Bathe thy blandest billow!
She wakes, she whispers to the gale,
Wakes from her morning dream;
Whilst so the stream, and thro' the vale,
Her's first have breath'd her name.

The famous Whiston was a pensioner to Queen Caroline, who sometimes admitted him to the honour of her conversation, and paid the pension with her own hands. One day she said to him, Mr. Whiston, I understand you are a free speaker, and honestly tell people of their faults: no one is without faults, and I wish you would tell me of mine; and she pressed him to do so. He was still upon the reserve, and she pressed him the more. Well, said he, since your Majesty insists upon it, I must obey you. There are abundance of people who come out of the country every spring to London upon business, and they all naturally desire to see the King and Queen, and have not any opportunity of seeing your Majesty so conveniently as at the Chapel Royal; but these country folks, who are not used to such things, when they see your Majesty talking with the king almost all the time of divine service, are perfectly astonished, and depart with strange impressions into their respective countries, and make their reports there (let me tell you) not at all to your Majesty's honour. I am sorry for it, answered the Queen, I believe there may be two much truth in what you say; but pray Mr. Whiston, tell me of another fault. No, Madam, said he, let me see you mend this before I tell you of another.

SEPTEMBER—AN ODE.

FAREWELL the pomp of Flora's vivid scene,
Welcome sage AUTUMN, to invert the year;
Farwell to summer's eye-delighting green,
Her verdure fades—Autumnal blasts are near,
The silky wardrobe now is laid aside,
With all the rich regalia of her pride.
And must we bid sweet Philomel adieu?
She that was wont to charm us in the grove!
Must Nature's liv'ry were a sadder hue,
And a dark canopy be stretch'd above?
Yes—yes—SEPTEMBER mounts his ebon throne,

And the smooth foliage of the plain is
gone.
Libra to weigh the harvest's pearly store,
The golden balance poizes now on high;
The calm serenity of Zephyr o'er,
Sol's glittering legions to th' equator fly.
At the same hour he shows his orient
head,
And warn'd by Thetis, sinks in ocean's
bed.
Adieu! ye damask roses, which remind
The maiden fair one, how her cheeks
decay;
Ye rising blasts, oh! leave some marks
behind,
Some small memorial of the sweets of
May:
Ah! no—the ruthless season will not
hear,
Nor spare one glory of the ruddy year.
No more the waste of music sung so late,
From every bush, green orchestra of
love;
For now their winds the birds of passage
wait
And bids a last farewel to every grove;
While those whom shepherd swains the
sleepers call,
Chuse their recess in some sequester'd wall.
Yet still shall sage SEPTEMBER boast his
pride,
Some birds shall chaunt, some gaier
flowers shall blow,
Nor is the season wholly unallied
To purple bloom; the haler fruits shall
grow
The stronger plants, such as enjoy the
cold,
And wear a livelier grace by being old!

INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

There is in the possession of one person in Norfolk, a black bird, a cat, and a dog, whose united ages amount to 42 years; and what is singular, they all received life in the same spring, and have ever since had the same master. The bird is even now greatly to be admired for its beautiful and melodious notes.

Newspapers.—There are at present printed in the United States about three hundred newspapers; of which twenty-four are daily papers. Of these seven are republican, twelve federal, and five neutral.

Of papers printed three times a week there are about twenty five. Twice a week about twenty.

The remainder, about two hundred and twenty five, are weekly papers.

Within the last month we have noticed the establishment of eight new weekly papers, viz.

Weekly Expositor—York, Pen.
Statesman—Newburyport, Mas.
Pilot—Cazenovia, N. Y.
Vermont Courier—Rutland, Vt.
Weekly Chronicle—Natches, M. T.
Herkimer Herald—Herkimer, N. Y.
Missouri Gazette—St. Louis, Lou.
The Dove—Washington, K.

It is believed that since the adjournment of congress, at least twenty new papers have commenced; and proposals are in circulation for about twenty more.

Hemp.—We learn that a sort of Hemp has been produced in General Christophe's provinces in St. Domingo, very little inferior to the best Russian Hemp. The English government is said to have made an experiment upon both kinds, and have found that the Russian Hemp did not exceed that grown in the Haytian dominions in point of strength by more than one eighth. A great extent of country around Cape Francois will be sown next season, for the use of the British nation.

We announce with pleasure, that an abridgement or digest of the decision in all the important cases which have been brought before the courts of ths United States, and those of the several states, is preparing for the press, by a gentleman of the bar, of Philadelphia, and in a state of great forwardness. The plan of this undertaking is such, as we are well assured, will meet the approbation of every lawyer. And the work, we are confident, will form a most valuable and useful addition to the library of every practitioner.

To this abstract of the decisions in all the important cases which have been reported in this country, it is in contemplation to add an appendix which will contain a variety of matter particularly interesting to the legislator as well as to every member of the American bar.

David West, Boston, will shortly publish the second edition of Butler's Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion.

J. Riley, New York, has in press, Reports at Nisi Prius in the Courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas, by John Campbell, Esq. with Notes, &c. by a Counsellor at Law of New York.

POETRY.

IMPROMPTU, TO LORD STRANGFORD.

BY MR. PRATT.

By sober City men, 'tis said,
The thriving gentlefolk in trade,
Sworn enemies to wit,
That *Bards* and all the sing-song Nine,
Who boast a pedigree divine,
Are for *this world* unfit.

The moni'd elves, with purse-proud spite,
Bless their good stars, *they* never write,
Except to note *the needful*;
While Poets, scrawling volumes o'er,
At once are prodigal and poor,
Of the *main chance* unheedful.

And if to shillings, pounds, and pence,
Or business, they make pretence,
Poets are men of straw!
Better to join, by way of joke,
Tiny Tom Thumb with great Lord Coke,
That giant of the Law!

That this is false, I've vouchers plenty,
And in a minute could count twenty,
To prove *Trade-sneers* abusive;
From ADDISON and AARON HILL,
To ROSCOE, ROGERS, living still,
BRIN. SHERIDAN inclusive.

Nay, a Lord Chancellor,* who late
Was made a pillar of the state,
Beats all the dunces hollow;
For tho' o'er parchments he can plod,
His bosom labours with the God,
The *Poet's God*, Apollo!

And who could once more near the heart
Than Fox the tuneful strain impart,
While state-affairs were planning?
Or who, presenting each in season,
More sweet can rhyme, or better reason,
Than Secretary Canning?

And you, beyond dispute, my lord,
Another happy proof afford,
As all the Muses know;
The gentle Camoens by your side,
The double task you well divide,
Poet and Plenipo.

Your kindred SYDNEY, too, is fired
By all that talents e'er inspired,
By all but those called *Stoic*;
And tho' the lyre he may not use,
The brave are loved by every Muse,
Or tender or heroic!

His ardent mein, empassioned eye,
Of verse sublime the fire supply,
His countenance the proem;
Whether poetical or no,
He glows with all the *bard can* glow,
And *looks* an Epic poem!

Long may ye both, by flood and field,
Of peace and war the symbols wield,
Then to loved Britain come;
There bless the isle—ah! bless'd alone,
Long may she mark ye for her own,
Long give the sweets of home!

And health, the choisest boon of heav'n
In bounty large to both be given;
For oh! without its aid,
The bard forgets his cherub birth,
The struggling hero sink to earth,
And life itself's a shade.

* *Lord Erskine.*

ON HUMAN LIFE.

BY MISS STARKE.

HOPE'S cheering beams, Health's freshest flow'rs,
Ambition's sweets, and Pleasure's bow'rs,
Life's op'ning paths adorn;
Enraptur'd with the luring maze,
The youthful pilgrim fearless strays,
Nor heeds each lurking thorn.
With forests drear, with rivers vast,
With mountains never to be past,
Heav'n's narrow road seems barr'd;
But if, by constancy impell'd,
Along this road our course be held,
How bright is our reward!
As sable shadows fade away
Before the glorious orb of day,
E'en so, before our sight,
Each doubt, each fear, each danger flies,
Till aiding Seraphs bless our eyes
With relms of endless light.
No mind, how weak so'er it be,
Arm'd by celestial Constancy,
Shall fail those realms to gain;
But when by dazzling phantoms led,
In Pleasure's treach'rous paths we tread,
Each step's progressive pain.
The rose, so lovely in the morn,
At even only yields a thorn,
To lacerate our hearts;
Ambition's dreams soon cease to please;
Health vanishes before disease,
And Hope herself departs.

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